

IMAGO SÆCULI.

The Image

OF THE

A G E.

Represented in Four CHARACTERS.
VIZ.

The { Ambitious Statesman.
Insatiable Miser.
Atheisticall Gallant.
Factious Schismatick.

Williams, Nathaniel,

To which is added a Pindarique
ELEGIE on the most Learned,
and Famous Physitian Dr Willis.

By the same Authour. N. W.

Τὸ δὲ μὲν ἐκ ἀέκκοι φίλα
Μῦσα, ποτὶ δῶρον δέχεται.
Τὸ δὲ τῶν φρενὶ μάδε
Πινδαρεῖον ἐπὶ. Arist. ὄρνισι.

OXFORD,

Printed by H. H. & L. L. for John Nixon. 1676.

EMAG 022 ECOLI

The Image

128
THE
1479W

A G E

Represented in Four Character

...
...
...
...
...

To which is added a Pindaric
ELEGY on the most learned
and Famous Physician Dr. Willis.

By the same Author. N. 171.

...
...
...
...
...

Printed by W. & A. for John Wain 1716

Admodum Reverendo
Doctissimoque viro
D^{no} IOHANNI LLOYD
SS. T. D. & Collegii JESU

821

W6741 In celeberrimâ

Academiâ Oxoniensi
Principali dignissimo
Hunc qualemunque
Genii Fætum

in

Gratitudinis & observantiæ
testimonium

enerabundè tradit, & offert

Devinctissimus

Deditissimus

Cliens.

N. W.

151693

Admodum Reverendo

Dilectissimoque viro

Dno JOHANNI LLOYD

22. 2. 17. & Collegii 1720

In celeberrimis

Academis Oxoniensibus

Principalibusque

Academicis

Academicis

Christiano observantia

testimonium

concedimus et hoc

Testimonium

Testimonium

Chanc.

IMAGO SÆCULI.

The Image of the Age:
With Reflections.

The Ambitious States-man.

POets of old conceiv'd the *New-born Earth*
To Teem with *Giants*, (a prodigious birth!)
She's scarce Deliver'd, but the *Infant clod*,
Full of Ambition, proudly dares each God.
The head-strong *Youths* not only dare withstand,
But wrest the *Scepter* from their *Sovereigns* hand;
By heaping hills on lofty hills they strove,
To scale the *Chrystal Battlements* of *Jove*.
The trembling *Gods* in throngs descend the *Spheres*,
And fire their *thundring Cannon* in their ears.

Born to be Great, They

They climb amain, and are resolved to dye,
 Or share with them in Immortality;
 Soon tyr'd below 'twas Heaven, and Heaven alone
 Must please, they poorly prize'd a mortal Throne.

Such is the *States-man's* pride, his aim is high,
 Squints on the vulgar with a scornful eye,
 Fancies the *world's own*, the Rich, and Grave
 His Vassals, and his *Prince a Royal Slave*.
 Thinks heaven's oblig'd to serve him, and dispencc
 At every beck, or call, its influence.
 Pleads Title to what'er the Labourer's toil,
 Shall drain through thorny hazards, all's his spoil;
 Where honour is concern'd, he scorns to stay,
 But through the crowding Obstacles makes way,
Religion, Fortune, Friends, Allegiance, all
 That can concern him, are too poor, too small,
 To stop his progress, when Applause doth call
 But if a *Rival-light* should chance t' appear,

And

The Ambitious States-man.

3

And shine with him in the same Hemisphere,
Sends Clouds to hide him, lest the *Upright-ray*
Should grow, and spread into a brighter day.
Thus doth he act the *Guardian* o're his fame,
That ne're a Rival might contrive his shame.
Honour's the *Darling* of his Soul, 'tis this
Is the great period of his aims, his bliss.
His time he lavishes in thoughts, his years,
Are but a series of despairing fears,
His very rest is but a constant care;
Least Heaven it self should rob him of his share,
Or some Friends *Siren-song* may prove his snare,
So did the *Centinel* with his num'rous eyes
Observe, and guard the monstrous *Ungin-prize*,
While sleep invaded half, the rest did keep
The *Vigil*, and by turns exchange'd their sleep;
At last the fatal *Musick* clos'd his eyes,
And sweetly rob'd him of his Life, and Prize.

B. 2

With

With no less care, and discontent doth he
 Contrive, to let his mad *ambition* free.
 While like a *will* outrageous *fire* broke out,
 Ruines th' adjacent *houses* round about
 Nor doth it cease, till want of *fresh* supplies
 Abate it, then *gloriously* it dies.
 Before he gives the *Onset* first he'll try,
 Consult the *Maxims* of his *Polity*,
 He'll humbly *Cringe*, and *Fawn*, Submit a *while*,
 Till he has seiz'd upon the *glorious* *spoil*,
 And then adieu, now his disguise is gone,
 He wants no more; for his *design* is won.
Titles of Honour are the *charms* that force,
 And strain the *Statesmans* nature from her course.
 These *bumble* projects are but very rare,
 When by the *base* suggestions of *despair*
 He stoops beneath himself, and will comply
 So he may win, or triumph o're a *Fly*,
 Though his right *Eagle-flight* be far more high.

After

After his tiresome Business are done,
 And sullen Night succeeds the cheerful Sun,
 When each laborious Swain chac'd home by Night,
 Retires into his Mansion of delight,
 And there with-draws from all the world, and care,
 Without disturbance, sleeping draws the air,
 When every busy Mortal does requite
 The daies disorder, with some ease at night;
 When all the worlds asleep, and Nature too
 Does droop, as if she had no more to do:
 Then doth his care Commence, his troubled head
 Perceives the greatest burthen when in bed;
 Though all his senses are benum'd, and sleep
 Does silently or'e all his members creep,
 Upstarts the Soul, and they are rouz'd amain,
 To ply th'intolerable Oar, again.
 Here on his Pillow, he is rackt, and finds,
 Various disorders mov'd like adverse winds,

Thousands

Thousands of cares molest him, and his soul,
 As a *Tost Ship* doth in the *Ocean* roul;
 When divers winds surround it, and the gales
 With all his Aft, can't stem the furious Tide,
 But sees his ruin waiting at his side.
 Amidst his many *jealousies*, and fears,
 His strange surmises, and his deep despairs,
 He knows not where to pitch, but roves unfixt,
 Now up to *Crowns*, now *lower*; now *betwixt*,
 He like his *giddy fortune* seems to be,
 Who's *constant* only in *inconstancy*.
 In this sad pastime he does ply the Night,
 In expectation of the wellcome light,
 He fancies *Apparitions* there, and more,
 Then ever Nature could contrive before;
 Fancies the envious world *stand round his bed*,
 And all with *pointing fingers* at his head.

Nights

Nights Black attendance does withal surprize,
And close the *Curtains* of his fainting eyes,
While restless he for lingring day still cries,
After a tedious stay, the horid night
Is routed, by the *Harbinger of Light* ;
And now the *fiery coursers* of the Sun,
Threw day abroad, and had their race begun,
Our lower world *awoke*, and up all rose,
Briskly recruited with their sweet repose ;
The *Birds* got up withall, and the bright day
saluted, with a sweet harmonious lay :
Up rose the *Jealous Statesman*, whom the night,
And dreadful *Phantasms* had disordered quite :
Goes to the *Princes Court*, and there surveys
The growth of his *Preferment*, and his *praise*.
Thus doth he buffle with the world, and run
Through all he meet with, till his aim is won,

And

And while he thinks one hazard *lopt*, another
Sprouts from the *fertil* ruin of the other.
 Sees his Competitors transactions pass
 Through *Envies* cheating *Magnifying-Glass*:
 Like Malefactors tortur'd with the guilt
 Of Robbery, or the blood of Trav'lers spilt,
 They dread all men they meet, lest they might be
 Sent for the Authors of the Villany.

Sooner then loose, he'll make Religion stand
 Subservient, when his profit shall command;
 If empty he return's condemn's his fate,
 As a a poor *Overseer* of his state,
 Too *beggarly*, and too *unfortunate*.
 (Now discontent, and sorrow preposseſſe;)
 The dire forerunners, of his sad distresse.
 So have we seen when boistrous tempests roar,
 The late smooth Ocean tumble to the shoar,

In curl'd, black waves, and as they run along,
 Like a tumultuous croud on each one's back they throng,
 And with their rushing force and weight they break,
 And the approaching Tempest loudly speak,
 So do his cares oreflow, and move a storm
 In his disturbed thoughts, who nothing form
 But Honour and Applause, which stir up fears,
 And Echo fearful noises in his ears.
 Now he contemns his Sovereign as unjust,
 Because he mounts him not to higher trust,
 But leaves a Gem so rare among the vulgar dust.
 One while he vaunts his birth and worth to be
 Worthy the glories of a Monarchy;
 Again he fears lest by aspiring higher,
 His bold presumption bring him ne'r than higher.
 And from his lofty precipice looks down,
 And sees below th' inferior, groveling Clown.

His

His *sordid labours*; how with sweat and toil,
He struggles to manure his *barren soil*,
Before the parched, and *unwilling field*,
Will any fertil *satisfaction* yeild.
On th' other side he casts his *timerous eye*,
And views the vile *Mechanick Drudgery* :
How each *Labourious Artizan* with pain,
Beates the resisting *Anvil*, but in vain,
And tugs with his *misfortune* ; round his head
His nume'rous naked *Issue* cry for bread ;
And still condemns his rigid, cross-grain'd fate
Which makes him with them, so *unfortunate*.
Now he beholds the *Daring, Bold, and Brave*,
Lie chain'd and fetterd with the *sordid slave*,
Accusing *Heaven*, that he is not at all,
Then live to see, and to survive his fall,
But he not terrified with this, goes on,
And *blindfold* follows his *destruction*.

If there be God, or no, that's nought to me,
 So my ambition has its Liberty.
 Sublime Ambition! that art plac'd above
 A Sovereigns Anger, or a Sovereigns Love;
 'Tis thou that Monarch art of all, 'tis thou
 Controul'st the world, mak'st stubborn Monarchs bow.
 Thou mad'st the mighty Conquerour to run,
 In equall speedy paces with the Sun:
 When scanty Nature could afford no more
 For farther Conquest, weeping he gave o're.
 And well might he be God and Monarch too,
 Since he had Conquered all, the Gods could do.
 Under thy Conduct valiant Cæsar fought,
 Enslav'd the world, and in subjection brought
 His stubborn country, who for fear obeyed:
 He with the sword, and not the Scepter swayd.
 Tame Fortune was his Life-guard, thou his guide.
 Thou Lead'st the way, she waited at his side.

Law's

Law the world's *Scare-crow*, that the vulgar frights,
 And doth confirm to all the world their rights;
 Law that would stint *Ambition*, and constrain,
 And with its menaces its flight detain.
 I'll briskly break through all its *clogs*, and awe
 The *Prince*, the *Peasant*, and the crabbed *Law*.
 'Tis thou, 'tis thou, that lead'st the active Soul,
 Beyond the *circuit* of the *Laws* controul.
 If to thy conduct I submit what e'er
 Is mine; what peevish mortal need I fear?
Ambitious Cromwel ! let me equal thee,
 I'd pawn my *Life*, *Religion*, all, to be
 So Nobly Inspir'd, so fortunately free.
 Thou in a *Puritan-disguise* could'st pray,
 And Preach, and *under-hand* receive thy pay;
 Thou had'st the Scripture at thy fingers-ends,
 And accent it with *sighs* amongst thy friends;
 Thou in thy *holy*, *Sacred Masquerade*,
 Long'st for a blest occasion to invade

The *Vacant Throne*, which was no sooner done,
But thou art *Mounted*, and thy *Sermon's done*.
Come then my better part, and let us strive,
Somewhat that's more then *Subject* to contrive;
Shake off *Obedience* to a higher sway,
And only our own *Monarch* wills obey.
All men are *Princes* born, if *Princes* are
Accounted only those, who only dare
Defie the *Law*, and act what e're they please,
What they may think contributes to their ease.
And who but would Rebel? When ere I sue
To my ungrateful *Sovereign* for my due,
Favours forfooth must bear the *Bell*, while I
With all my mighty merits, am thrown by.
Such such withall is my *untoward fate*.
Each *groveling Peasant* doth outvie my fate,
And buyes *Preferment* at a cheaper rate.

Cringes

Cringes, and *Knees* my Sovereign values more;
 Then all, descent, and virtue brought before,
 Fears least too great *Preferments* heap't on me,
 May tempt me to a greater *Liberty*.
 While the Inferior throng that dare not soar
 So high, he feeds with promises of more.

The *Prince* with *specious* promises may cheat,
 And *charm* the humble with the *noise* of great;
 Yet those whose Sage Advice doth closely pry,
 And sound the deepest depths of *Policy*,
 'Tis those that unsuspected cast their net,
 And *Fish* within their *Princes Cabinet*,
 Yet when the hop'd advantage they have found,
 For fear of ruin *towardly* give ground;
 Instead of a revenge for their defeat,
 Poorly withdraw into some *Country seat*.
 'Tis those I hate that timorously will brook,
 A *Princes Censure*, or a *Princes look*,

And will with all submission bow their neck,
and quit a Noble Conquest for a check.

Neglectful Nature! that her gifts bestows,
and heedlessly among the vulgar throws.

Here she has given profoundest Policy,
Without *Ambition* to advance it high,
By that alone, a *Begger* he may live and dye.

Here was born a vassal, but as free,

As any *Monarch* in the world may be,

For shall the little rules of Law confine,

And stint my fancy to a mean design;

What confines the greater world, shall be

The only limit of my Liberty.

Look how the fierce, *Ambitious Sun*, displaies,

And darts on the inferior world his raies,

In spite of higher power's doth domineer,

Makes but one *lasting triumph* of an year.

Look how the *emulous Wood* strive who should be,

The *Supravisor*, and the *Soveraign tree*,

They

They *twine* with one another, to *suppress*
Their *growing greatness*, all hate to be less
Then one another, though the *Oak* does spread
So wide, the *groveling Ivy* doth him wed,
And ore its *Pillar* rears its *conquering head*.
Shall *Vegetables* triumph thus? and I
Like some dull, stupid Being, careless lye?
Has Nature given *Ambition* to the worst
Of all her works? and I alone accurst?
No, no, I feel it too, and will pursue
Scepters, and *Kingdoms* if they be my due.
A *Subject*, is no *Subject* if we scan,
The Ancient *Charter*, first bestow'd on man.
When he that had but courage to out-brave,
Might soon his Neighbours, and the world enslave
I'll break through all the obstacles of fate,
And on my Rivals *Ruin*, Build my state.

Let all the Country rise up to oppose
 My aim ; I have but one short life to lose ;
 And to my praise they'l say, when I am dead,
 'T was for a Crown alone he lost his head.
 I have another recompence for death,
 Fame sounds my praises with a stronger breath.
 When Factious Policy cannot prevail,
 I to the *Royal Pinnacle* won't strick sail,
 But Steer my Noble course, as I begun,
 Till my projected victory be won.
 Let me but get the *wary* Clergy out,
 And then Il'e soon secure the *Royal* rout.
Religion is the *sacred chain* that joins
 The *Crown* and *Miter*, and the world confines.
 The *Clergy* give advice, and Kingdoms aw,
 With *hard Religion*, and inforce the Law
 Which doth the *trembling, easy* Subject draw.
 Had *France* not known the *Cardinal* that brought,
 By wondrous forecast, *deep* designs to nought.

C

It's

Its *Youthful* Monarch might have had the fate,
 At once of *Coronation*, and a *Funeral* state;
 If all my plots miscarry, I may stay,
 And go no further in the *slippery* way;
 Till surer footing I have got, and then
 I'll at the lofty project once again.
 I'm proof 'gainst Fortune and Adversity,
 I'll smile at her, if she doth smile on me;
 If she doth frown on me, I'll frown again,
 And to her lofty scorn, return disdain.
Precarious Honour crav'd with *cringe*, and *knee*,
 Is but a *nobler* sort of *Beggary*:
 I'll serve my *King* as *Peer*, but won't destroy
 The *ancient rights* of *Peerage* to obey.
 Nor shall my *older Priviledges* give
 The *least Precedence*, to *Prerogatives*;
 To this I'll stick, let Monarchy decline,
 And life, and honour will at once resign.

I.

Restless Ambition ! that art never eas'd,
 Nor with *accumulated* honours pleas'd,
 Still thou complain'st to see
 The vulgar, get the *Mastery*,
 And from *above* look *down* on thee.
 Still thou complain'st on fate,
 She *reaches* out her helping *hand* too late,
 Whilest thou *swoln* *big* with *envy*, can'st not see
 (Though all the world gaze round on thee)
Others *step up*, without thy hate.
 Thou *false Alarm* ! when thou dost call
 Upstarts the world; and all
 Fly to their colours, great and small.
 They their *old Monarch Nature* fain would bow;
 And make her yeild her *right* below.
 The *surly* States-man's *muster'd* up withal,
 To find at last a greater fall.
 By this he's call'd to *climb* the *lofty* *stair*
 Of *Honour*, while the *popu'lar* air
 Does *bear* him up, but now alas
 It yeilds, & he comes *tumbling* lower than he was.

II.

Thou the great *Magnet* of the world, dost draw
 Men after thee in spite of Law;
 In sight of all the *obstacles* that can
 Be brought, thou'lt free access to man;
 As he lay *harmless* in the womb,
 Not *finis'd* quite by nature's *curious* hand,
 Thou came'st into her by *withdrawing* room,
 And every *limb* did'st order and command.
 The gate *majestick*, and the eye
 Still looking up on high,
 At *Crowns*, and *Monarchy*.
 And every member so dispos'd,
 As Nature had conspir'd, & thou had'st choic'd,
 Here to have *centred*, and *repos'd*.
 The *speechless* Infant *smiles* to see,
 The slavery, and humility
 Of men, that slight this world below,
 And their *long train* of *Titles* can forgo.
 His tongue hath scarce *disolv'd* the string,
 But he *proclaims* himself the King.
 Thou *Poor Ambition*! if thy *Pillars* be
 Not *reard* beyond a *Monarchy*.
 The noblest conquest thou hast left behind,
 (That of the Mind,)
 Kingdoms they stand, or fall by every *vulgar* wind.

III.

Honour ! thou *Traitor* of the age,
Tyrant withal, whom nothing can assuage,
 Beneath an *Empire*, and a *Throne*,
 Where thou must *sit*, and *rule alone*.

When the *aspiring Candidate* hath got
 Up to the highest *pinacle* of thee,
 Sees all below him as a *little spot*,
Lessning as he mounts each *degree*.

Charming Ambition ! thou draw'st all
 To thee, with thy *harmonious* call.

Thy *voice* is heard, and we
 From every *Clime* repair to thee.
 What is it to be glori'ous, to be great ?
 'Tis but a *glorious cheat*.

While up the *lofty precipice* we creep,
 So *craggy*, and so *steep*,

We see the *Favourite* on high,

Ly crowded in the *Galaxy*,

We pant below, and fain would be,

One of the *glittering Company*.

The *friendly hold* to which we only trust,
 Gives way, and lets our *hopeful honour* in the *dust*.

IV.

I V.

Thrice happy he!

Can say to *Honour*, I've no need of thee,
And care not for thy *tiresome company*.

Rather then *Court*, I'd rather dwell,
In some safe, *solitary Cell*,
Or in a *lonely Wilderness*,

Free from attendance, or address.

Only the *bleating flocks*, and *harmless drove*,
Throng to my *Melancholy grove*,
Sent there by Nature, where they ly,
Victims to my *necessity*.

Nature she cares for me, and doth provide,
When I am scorn'd by all the world beside.

I have no *Humble Servants* there,
To wait for Boons, nor need I fear
Midnight Conspiracies: my meaner fate
Is not disturb'd by any change of State.

No State affairs molest, or fright
My *harmless slumbers* in the night.
My only *Guardian*, and defence,
Is a just, humble innocence.

Let Thunder rattle o're my *Laurel'd head*,
Let Nature all her forces joyn,
And let the *envious crowd* combine,
I'd bear the *worlds vast ruins* without dread.

V.

From the *infectious* Court I go,
From *Court*, the *stage* of *Envy* here below.

Here we as in the *heavenly sphere*,
See lights of every *magnitude* appear,
And that that seems not *gay*,
And sheds no *painted ray*,
That seems but *dark* and *small*,
For *height* and *greatness* doth exceed them all.

None of them all are known,
By any *lustre* of their own,
But this, and every one,
Derive their splendour from the *Royal Sun*.
Now from the *Dunghill* doth the *Meteor* rise,
And dazels all the peoples eyes,
When on a suddain in *disgrace* it dies,
While humbly we from far
Look up, we seem to see a *Falling-star*,
Hurl'd from its *Sphere* above,
Where it did shine, and move.
A *swelling title* is the prize, and spoil
Man hath for all his toil.

Men talk of fames loud breath,
That it *puts life* in men even after death.
Happy is he that lives to hear his name
Famous, and trusts not to a *posthume*, *Changling fame*.

VI.

VI.

If I must live abroad, I'll have
 Some small respect above the vulgar slave:
 But I'd not purchase 't at the rate
 Of an *intolerable* fate.

Let Monarchs war with Monarch, to extend
 Lands equal to *ambition*, without end.

When all their policy and strength,
 Can win but their *own* length.

So Nature only waits on me,
 I'll justly slight a Monarchy.

Monarchs with *Life-guards* cannot sure
 Be more (then *naked* innocence) secure.
 I'll only glory in obscurity,
 While my own *thousand* witnesses stand by,
 There I'll controul,

And curb the rebel soul,
 So I subdue this *little* world 'tis more,
 Then all the *Macedonian* did before.
 He *wept* for worlds to conquer, when he'd find
 Within, his hardest enemy behind.

He's truly blest,
 Whom care and trouble never have oppress'd,
 He *buys* nor *sells*, nor *sweats*, nor doth *disburse*,
 But seems exempted from th' *Universal* Curse.

The

T.H.E

INSATIABLE MISER.

AS we have seen the *lesser* rivers run,
And their own *native*, *watry* beds to shun,
Through *shady* Desarts *stealingly* they creep,
To pay their *tribute* to their *sovereign* deep,
But he for all his *Incomes* hath no more,
Then what but lately he had *thrown* to shore,
He *swells* with anger, *foames* and *roares* to find
Nature, so *poor*, so *backward*, so *unkind*.
So with the *Miser*, all the wealth that can
Be compass'd, by the policy of man,
Seems to contribute to his want the more,
And rather *drains*, then doth augment his store.

All

All that he gets is *scanty*, and amiss,
 While in *eternal* want he laies his *bliss*.
 Should he receive but what he gave, 'twould be
 Then no advantage to his Usury :
 This is th' *eternal* Principle; to give
 To freinds, I never, but by gifts may live.
 What *wise* Philosophers those were of old ?
 Who *freely* in the *Ocean* threw their *gold*,
 And then were turn'd a *grazing* to the field,
 They'd eat what natures *coursest* grounds could yeild.
 They thought themselves far better *men* then Kings,
 Scorn'd Crowns as *shaddows* of *substantial* things.
 But I am better *principled* then so,
 To let so rich, so great a treasure go.
 Nor will I spare the *Orphan*, that has none
 For his sure *Safeguard*, and Tuition .
Religion sha'nt confine me, nor constrain
 My *profitable* project back again,

But I'll orereach him though he stands above,
 Circled within a Princes Arms of Love,
 Though I among the lower Shrubs should ly,
 In th' unsuspected garb of Poverty,
 Yet I will reach his head, though reared so high.
 What open force can't do, an Ambush shall,
 This, this shall reach the proudest of them all.
 As an old crafty Fox, who from his den,
 Views the weake Chickens shelter'd by the Hen,
 Curbs in his nature, that would needs make way
 At the fine Prospect of so sweet a prey,
 But the experienc'd Brute doth moderate,
 The inward struglings of his natural hate,
 He looks about th' adjacent fields, and grounds,
 Listens, and startles, if he hear the Hounds,
 Survies the Ambush where the Hunts-men ly,
 Traces their Coverts with a wary eye,
 Mean while the busy Hen provides the grain,
 Which she doth chew, and crumble for her train;
 The

The *greedy Fox* approaches, whom her eye
 Soon sees, *alarm's* her *Chickens* with her cry,
 They, weak and helpless cry for their defence,
 Their only weapons are their innocence.
 And though their *Guardian* scapes, even she at last
 Or'etaken, breaks the *hungry Tyrants* fast.
 So doth the *Miser* void of *Plty* prey
 On *Orphans*, *Widdowes*, all that come in's way.
 Religions intercession doth no more
 With him, then do the *howlings* of the poor,
 (Though heavens their *surety*) begging at his door
 When the enfeebled, naked *Cripple* comes
 To crave the very *reliques* of his crumbs,
 (the *Misers* dainty diet) turns all out,
 As a dull, undeserving, lazy rout :
 As *naked* in the world they came, they may
 For him, march out again in the same way,
 They talk of greater interest above,
 Shall make him compensation for his love,

Of Crowns. and Kingdoms which the biting rage
Of men, no nor the *mouldring rust of age*
Can change; he for a peice of bread shall be
Put in *possession* of this *rich Eternity*.

ast These are fair promises he grants, but where
Shall he be 'certaind of such usage there.

If heaven it self procure no *surety* here.

Or else he values these far goods a rush,

What *bird in th' hand is worth two in the bush*.

What *blind Religion* saies, I'l not obey,

Nor shall its *precepts* my occasions sway,

My want is 'bove *Religion*, and requires

My greatest vigour, and most fierce desires.

Religion can't *maintain* me, nor supply,

But rather add to my necessity.

The time allow'd for *prayer*, might advance

My Interest, and my *flowing* gains enhance.

Tedious Devotion! Thou dost make me sue

To heaven, when I below should seek my due.

I'd

I'd rather hear my *good-lung'd Lawyer* bawl,
 For my advantage in the *wrangling hall*.
 I'd rather see one *Tenement* of land,
 By his rare *Preaching* put into my hand,
 Then give attention for a *long hours space*
 To some lewd, canting preacher in that place.
 I have good preaching Authours in good store,
 As *Dod*, and *Cleaver*, *Owens*, many more.
 And can't I read these books at home, and be,
 Pious enough without *solemnity*?
 Now I have got the *Text* I'll go away,
 There's none can better then the *Scripture* say.
 With such disturbance is this soul oppress'd,
 That he must fly the sacred place for rest,
 And cannot stay one moment, no not to be blest.
 What though he's *fostred* by th' industrious care
 Of Heaven, that for his want doth still prepare,
 And freely with a full and plenteous hand,
 Conveies him *blessings* both by *Sea* and *Land*,

Yet he ne'er looks above, but thinks that *rain*,
Must water *Nature's garden* and her *grain*.
Like *Swine* when storms, and famine do invade,
The *Oak* they seek for *shelter*, and for *shade*,
Here greedily they feed, and catch their meat,
Without *turmoiling*, at a dirty sweat,
They nere look up from whence the *Acorns* fall,
Yet they are *showr'd* upon them without call.
So he his *genius* only thanks, 'tis this
He thinks, alone doth propagate his bliss :
His death he fears will disappoint, and cross
His expectations, with a fatal loss.
Could *Law secure* his life, he'd make it fast,
And *spin* it out so long, that it should last
Ev'n to a *Patriarch's* age, but hasty death.
Will unawares obstruct his aims, and breath,
He' chears himself with lingring hopes to find,
Old age, and *hoary* hairs come yet behind.

Before

Before the *winter* of his years come on,
 And the last *thrid* of his short life be *spun*,
 Resolves to ply his profit, when at last
 His *spend-thrift*-Nephews drain it out as fast.
 He tugs with his *occasions*, *world* and *all*,
 To get some riches, though it be but small,
 When both the *Pearly*, *Golden Indies* nere
 Could recompence, a pain so hard, so dear.
 Such are his pains, as scarce he cares to live,
 So he the *wealthy* conquest may survive.
 Thus is he *hurri'd* by th' *impetuous Tide*
 Of profit, that the world he flights beside,
 'Tis here he *Levels* his designs, 'tis here,
 Without remorse of Conscience, dread, or fear,
 He bends his aim, yet he but sees the wealth,
 He gets by rapine, injury, and stealth.
 He had no sooner caught the *golden* prey.
 But times dull *rust* doth eat it quite away.

Train

Train'd up in trouble, and a *pinching* want,
He hoords his treasure like the frugal *Ant*,
She only works the *Summer* of the year,
And in the Winter keeps her *Christmas*-cheer,
While the *luxurious* *Grashopper* doth chaunt
His *Summer Anthems*, till the *Winters want*,
Comes on, and his old, *sprightful songs* cant be,
Proof 'gainst a fainty, pinching poverty.

The Miser rails at the Debauched Gallant,
Whose vast possessions are become so scant,
While he himself that toils throughout the year,
And stretches his possessions far, and near,
Cannot enjoy with freedom what he gains,
But only has the sight, for all his pains.
As if he took the labour for no more,
Then too orelooke, and *Idolize* his store.
No sooner are the sullen shades of night
Advanc'd, to chase away the fearfull light,

D

But

But he who newly laies his head at rest,
Feels all the *world lie weighty* on his breast,
He dreams of nought but violence, and arms,
Bargains, and Law-suits, Usury, and harms.
A wake he fears an *ambush* round his bed,
And sees the *fatal dagger* ore his head,
Alar'umd with such *Ideas*, help he cries,
Makes all his neighbours, and his household rise,
To take the Theives, but not a Thief is there,
Nor noise, but in his own *suspicious* ear,
Next morn however, when the night *gives way*,
Chas'd from us by the suns *triumphant* ray,
He rises up withal, but e're he paies
To Heaven, the least acknowledgment, or praise,
He visits his *beloved* chests, to see
And bid *good morrow* to his *treasury*,
Fenc't stronger then himself, if he descry
His *swelling* bags do in disorder ly.

The

Then begs he Heavens assistance, when he can
Put no sufficient confidence in man,
Prays Heaven may plague the Theives with 10 times
Then ever mortals sufferd here before, (more,)
But if he finds all safe, his fear is o're,
His looks serene, and sprightful as before.
So various are his humors, so unfixt
His resolution, still he hangs betwixt
Despair, and joy, 'tis gain that makes him live,
Gold is the only great *restorative*.
He hugs the broad *Jacobus*, and embraces
His potent *Guineys* and their Royal faces.

Gold the main *pillar* of my tottring life,
My food, my raiment, and my wedded wife,
My Father, and my God, nay thou art all;
Thou art my life, and what I precious call:
Well might great *Cæsar* boast the mighty *Globe*,
Was shar'ed between Heavens title, and his robe,

Imago Sæculi.

When thou didst beat him up so far, so high,
Beyond what Roman Eagle e're could fly ;
Almighty Gold ! thou wert no sooner found,
But *humble Monarchs* prostrate on the ground
Adore'd thy raies, of old by nature plac'd
Within her *inner chamber*, never trace
By *mortal steps*, till thou thy self mad'st way,
And leade'st us to thee by thy own *bright ray*.
Thou art the *Sovereign*, and the best of charms,
For Kings have conquerd more by thee, then arms.
To thee I swear *Allegiance*, and protest,
To consecrate to thee my time, my rest.
When my life *Lease's* expired, and I am dead, }
I wish no more but that my wearied head, }
May sleep for ever on thy *earthly*, glorious bed. }
My poor Excecutors need never fear,
I'll rise to *haunt* them, if I have thee there.
Methinks my *aged joints* are once more free,
And I enjoy my *youthful Liberty* ;

Methink

Methinks my tract of years already past,
Have posted on too soon, made too much hast,
And all the vast Transactions I have done,
So soon, so unexpectedly are gone,
That I can clearly see a *forty years* space,
Relate the *action*, name the *persons*, *place*,
Yet half the world before this age have died,
In spite of all their policy, or pride.
Unhappy Man! that rul'd the world a while,
And mak'st rich Natures *Treasury* thy spoil,
But unsuspected death, so closely creeps,
And like a deluge, all their triumphs sweeps;
Death Natures ugly Executioner,
Whom we faint-hearted Mortals alwaies fear,
Fierce Death! in spite of thee, this pomp I'll have
I'll ride in State and Triumph to my grave.
Thus with his fierce inexorable fate,
The trembling Miser doth expostulate,

Re-

Resolves his business shall take up his *glass*,
Till his sad, fatal period comes to pass.

Come let me stir (*fayes he*) and briskly ply
The Spend-thrifts profitable company.
With *sugred* promises, and fair advice,
The unexperienct *Sir* he doth entice,
Complies with *him* in *his* expences, till
His vast estate is the *sum* totall of his *bill*.
Now farewell freindship, and acquaintance, they
Without advantage cannot make him stay.
The *sacred Temple* is too harsh severe,
Unless it suffer *Money-changers* there,
When his devotion calls him there to pray,
'Tis very tedious, and he cannot stay,
It makes him sleep, but 'tis his God in's Chest,
Deserves his greater worship then the rest.
Thus cares, and restless thoughts expell him thence,
And bid him *stand* upon his own defence,

Left

Left famine break upon him, when (alas!)
Pale famine midst the *mendicants* doth pass,
There her abode is, there with *parched wings*
She *hovering*, *gnaws their vitals*, and oft brings
Sad news of death : yet he withal his bags,
Doth alwaies bear the beggers *badge*, his rags :
Pines at a Mites expence, and doth complain,
'Tis gone past all recovery back again.
Now the *Collector* cries *tax* for the *King*,
And now the *Altar* hath his *offering* :
But he to make amends for this, will draw
His harmless *Kinsman*, to th' intrapping Law,
Who now had born his *sinking* head, while he
Strugled against the *tide* of *Poverty*,
And by his noble offices of Love
Himself at once a *Kinsman*, and a *Friend* did prove.
So the poor, simple, harmless swain of old,
Met the *faint* *Serpent* quite *benum'd* with cold,

He

He *gently* takes her up and straight conveys
The *feeble* Virmine, from the Suns *weak* raies,
To his own native home, where to the fire,
He laies the *Serpent* ready to expire :
Within a little while the vigorous flame,
The *hard*, resisting coldness overcame,
The Serpent moves its *loosned* joints, *turn's round*,
And makes a *Circle* on the *heated* ground,
And now doth *hiss aloud*, and at the Swain
Makes, with its *black, ungrateful* head amain.
Till with the hands that from *cold death* did save,
The mortal, and deserved *wound* he gave.
So he scarce rescued from his *shackles*, dares
Invade his benefactor unawares,
And will revenge *his* kindness, not requite,
And in *his* bounty claims an equal right.
Ne're talk of obligations to him, he
Thinks that a Complement of Gallantry,

And

And fit for Courts alone, where nothing goes
For Currant , but fine Complements, and shews ;
Where nice *punctilio's* are observ'd by all,
Nothing conniv'd at, be it nere so small,
No man what's common in this place doth vent,
(The *Academy* of rare *Complement*,)
Give me but wealth , I'll beg no more of fate,
'Tis this that truly makes me fortunate,
This *Universal happiness* I'll have,
Although it sinks me down into my grave.

His due, his due he calls for all along,
His due's the burthen of his wretched song,
With great expressions, and the *Terms* of Law,
His timerous easie neighbours he doth aw,
They him, as *Indians* worship *Devils* for fear,
His loud, and dreadful accents keep such stir,
Beyond the *Thundring Rhetorick* of a *Conjurer*.
Yet when by *hook*, and *crook* he's got the spoil,
He dare not use it, only see, and smile,

Like

Like some rich, *fainted statue* plac'd on high,
Commands Religion from the votary,
That stands aloof, approaching by degrees,
To pay his *greatful* Tribute on his knees ;
Thus humbly every day he pays his vows,
And to the *golden, senseless* Image bows,
But so much mettall from his *God* can't bring,
As may contain the *image* of His King.
So the fond Miser every hour surveys
His sacred Treasure, even adores the *Keys*,
Here lies his hope, his love, his God, his all,
'Twas never it too much, but still too small,
As that doth grow, so grows his want the more,
And still increases with his plenteous store,
He laughs at those that will submit to be
Chained in a copius *musty Library*.
Whose fancy leads them round the *world of Arts*,
To trace the unknown *regions*, unknown parts

Of nature's hidden *Empire*, where alone,
Beyond the common reach she rears her *throne* :
This study he abhor's, he's never bred,
To keep such *correspondence* with the *dead*,
He studies *men*, not books, yet oft will try,
To find some *golden Mines* in *Alchymy*.
Old age is now come on, brisk youth is gone,
He raves to feel the fatal fit come on.
As one whom chance hath thrown into the wave,
Where no assistance is, nor art to save,
Restless, in mighty torment he is prest,
With *too much* strength he strives for live, and rest,
Tire'd by himself, he catches, at the wave,
And bravely takes by *violence* his *grave*.
So doth the peevish Miser, vex'd to see
The *younger world* despise his company,
Resolves despair, which once he shund, shall now }
Make him attempt, what *destiny* shall bow, }
And make his *way to Heaven* from *Hell below*. }

I.

Greatest of wants ! when thou hast got,
 Thou *gapest* as if thou hadst it not,
 Thou *gapest* for *Inddies*, and their Ore,
 And art much poorer then thou wert before,
 Were doth the Indies *melted* down thy throat,
 They'd only *elevate* thy Note,
 They'd but encrease thy *Feaver*, make thee cry
 For *drink* eternally.

The *Miser* takes no care for age,
 But thinks he'l keep his stage,
 When every *ach*, and every *blow*
 Wounds his *shattred* body so,
 That when the *hoary winter* of his years,
Snows on his feeble roof *gray hairs* :
 The *trembling Palsy* enters in, and he
 Shakes like an *Autumn*, *dying tree*.
 And at the weakest *onset* of fierce death,
 Is soon *disarm'd* of life, and breath,
 And now where lodgeth he ?
 With all his policy.

He lies *bound hand and foot* below,
 In Deaths dark Goal^c where all the word must go.

I I.

The *nimble Tracers* of the air,
Take in their *winged Oares*, and do repair
At night, whence they set out,
So bears the *Lark* her self on high,
Till she hath scap'd the *wondring Reapers* eye,
In vain he looks the *Element* about.

So high she roves, so high she reares
Her self, she *sings* unto the *wheeling Spheres*-
Thence she descends, and from the Swain,
Borrows a mouthful of his grain,
She flies in triumph with her food,
And doth divide it 'mongst her *gaping brood*.
Thus the industrious Birds their wants supply,
The *Miser's* nature's only *prodigy*.

Continue, still his restless pains,
Contented never with his gains.
His sweat, and toil, amount to little more,
Then *nothing*, which he had before.

Would he but had (as *Midas*) all)
He felt (without the trouble of a call)
Made Gold, nay even his meat,
He'd sooner *dye* then eat,

And freely loose a wish so *Golden*, and so *great*.

III.

III.

Happy's the man that keeps the *golden Mean*,
And doth not on the *brittle Staffe* of fortune lean.
That will not trust to an uncertain morrow,
Which man can never safely borrow,
He stands in his own guard secure,
No charm can conjure, or allure ;
While all the company of virtue stands,
Circled about him *band in band*,
And from their *Flora's sacred bed*,
Twine Flowry Garlands round his head.
He looks abroad into the world, and sees,
Some stubborn, some on bended Knees,
Some drinking, swearing, some belying,
Some their religion too denying.
He sees the Miser steal by night,
And ly in *ambush* for a drunken Lord,
Till with a fair and gentle word,
He *humours* him out of his wealthy *Lordship* quite.

IV.

What though my neighbour thrives, am I
Made *poor* by his *prosperity*?

Can't Providence,
Blessings on me, as well as him dispense?
Or has it so contriv'd,
That two adjacent never thriv'd?
What though his Mansion or'e-look mine?
Must I repine?

And grudge at heavens impartiall hand?
Because it lets not *golden showres* on me,
And I can't flourish too as well as he;
Because I have not *heaven's command*.
Heaven pours a like on good, and bad,
And these are sometimes better clad.
The proud they make a greater noise, and go,
As if not *kin to us below*,
They strut, and undervalue all beside,
While in a *windy*, glorious pomp they ride.
Envy ! 'tis thou that makest us think,
When others *float aloft* we *sink*,
Though our *Heroick* Virtues bear us high,
Through the *vast swelling Ocean* of Eternity.

V,

V.

Riches, and power and all
 That pompous train, we *mighty* call,
 Riches the mischief which we curse, yet love
 As *Tokens* sent us from above ;
 We see our Sovereigns Image in the Coin,
 But hath it any *Magick charm* to bind
 The distant mind,
 Or make it in compliance with him join.
 Ah no ! 'tis to the mettal we
 Pay our *Allegiance* and humility,
 Have we not known the poor, and base
 Adore the *Lion*, not his *Sacred face*,
 Turning the Coin, and Kingdome *upside down*,
 To prop their credit, though they *turn'd the Crown*.
 The griping Miser hither flies,
 To pay his frequent *Obsequies*.
 He scorns to bogle, scorns to fear
 To be the horrid Executioner,
 Though even a Royal head were lost,
 'Tis nought to him it *thirty pound bath cost*.
 Like that curst Mother, who to see her son
 (Would gladly loose her life) but *mounted on a Throne*

THE

T H E
ATHEISTICAL GALLANT.

A Way with *Heaven, Religion, all*, that can
 Pretend an *older* Sovereign than *man* ;
Man the *old*, lawful *Monarch*, that durst vie
 With *long-lived* time, and *old* Eternity :
 Let our old *Musty Annals* plead a *Three*,
 Of *strange*, *Eternal*, old *Antiquity*,
 That brought the world up from its *Infancy* ;
 First *made*, and *swaddled* it in *clouds*, and *night*,
 In a words speaking brought the *Babe* to light,
 An in its former comprehensive space,
 The *One*, the *Three*, the *every where* kept place.
 Sublime Romance ! the sporting *Atheist* cries,
 And vows a more ingenious plot his eyes

E

Nere

Nere saw, so sweeping all with that success,
As almost to befool the Universe.

On our Saviours Miracles scorns to adore,
But swears the *Seven stout Champions* did far more,
They rescued Ladies from the mighty hands
Of Giants, and the Monsters clog'd with bands.
And other rare Atchievements by the force
Of their brave arms were wrought, beyond the court
Of common Nature, which alone might prove
Them, the best Heroes both for *arms*, and *love*.
Can threats, or Scripture promise him aw?
No, no, ther's none alive that ever saw
This contract betwixt heaven, and man whereby
Man forfeited his ancient liberty,
And swore *Allegiance* to Deity.

Unknown, that he a giddy zeal should pay.
And some such *Forraign, Stranger God* obey.
There's none but vulgar spirits will suggest,
And feign a Monarch that or'e-rules the rest,

Tha

That he before the *birth*, and *date* of years,
 Rear'd his *Pavilion* 'bove the *clouds*, and *spheres*.
 There he before the *rise* of Ages sveyd,
 And all the (mighty nothing) streight obey'd,
 The *Powerful* *Mandate*, sure 'twas reason good,
 He should be Lord when *nothing* then withstood,
 That was an easie conquest without loss of blood.
 True 'tis we see th' aspiring, proud and brave,
 Do keep a distance from the vulgar Slave,
 And live as if they kept society,
 Above the reach of dull mortality.
 Such Noble Heroes flourish'd of old,
 When every *Man was God*, and every age ran *Gold*.
 The willing Earth big with its growing store,
 Brought forth so much, they need not ask for more.
 Heaven show'd down blessings with a bounteous
 The *teeming* *clouds* dropt *fatness* in *their* land. (hand,
 Without the Plough, or Spade, the Swain did reap:
 Too easie Nature made her self too cheap.

That was a happy age, Religion then
 Was not so hard as now, to famish men,
 No *niceties* of Conscience need they fear,
 No *Lents*, or *Fast-daies*, but the fleeting year,
 Was a continu'd *Christmas* for good chear.
 The jolly Priest drank *brimmers* to his God,
 And in the same Pavilion with him trod,
 There was but *little difference*, for they could,
 Make their familiar Gods speake what they would.
 Now Law forsooth must aw me, and confine
 My actions, that they do not pass the *line*
 Of manners, and Religion, these do sway,
 The easie Subject, these through all make way,
 And neither wealth, nor honour makes them stay
 But like infectious Plagues they run along,
 As well take *high*, and *mighty* as the throng.
 Each *Bugbear-statute* rules the harmless age,
 And Hectors like *Almanzor* on the Stage,

Sends spies through all the corners of the Land,
 And grasps the nation in its spacious hand,
 This, and Religion jointly domineer,
 They are the *rigid Consuls* every year,
 Cruel Religion ! first contrive'd to be
 Poor mankind's *Universal Plagiary*
 While thou condemn'st the Turks, and all beside
 Europe 'bove all unhappy feels thy pride.
 Thou too ambitious to enlarge thy bounds,
 Trackst Nature e're strang Seas to unknow grounds.
 Seest where her farthest habitation lies,
 Beneath the *chequerd*, and *remotest* Skies.
 Flie'st to those regions which were never known,
 And mak'st the distant, *golden world* thy own,
 And (like th' *insulting conquerour*) to be
 Unknown, is cause to be thy enemy.
 Ere thou hadst brought thy *hard Plantation* there,
 The happy Indian need no foreign fear,

On

Ou beds of Ivo'ry quietly reposed,
Within a sacred *Lawrels shade* enclosed,
He trod on Gold, and the *so* valued dust,
He thought not; worth his labour, or his lust.
Thou brought'st thy threats of Hell, and ten times
Then *dire Enchantments* threated K^{ts} before. (more,
Here Nature her *Exchequer* laid, here she
With-drew her self from all the world, and thee,
And to secure the precious prize yet more,
In her own *bowels* laid the *Golden Ore*,
And *Chrystal currents Pearls* convey'd to shore.
Yet fierce Religion dig'd into her womb,
Would she had with her treasure found her tomb;
Cruel Religion ! Tyrant of the age,
Whom neither Prince, nor Peasant can assuage.
To thee the stubborn vulgar yield, to thee
With all submission bows the Sovereign knee,

Thou

Thou as thy Records testifie did'st cause,
 The first transgression of dame Nature's Laws,
 Because *Cain's* Victim did not well succeed,
 Resolves his Brother shall atone, and bleed.
 How many wilfull Martyrs died for thee,
 In hopes of Heaven, and long Eternitie
 And dost thou think to take possession here
 Where never lodg'd a *sigh*, nor neuer lodg'd a fear.
 Hag of my Soul begon, and let me rest
 I care not for so hard, severe a guest.
 Come *Racks*, and *gibbets*, *Halters*, all that ere,
 A man can fancy, or a man can bear,
 So I ben't plagued with a religious fear.
 Let Envy, and Religion snarl on thee,
 Because thou art so boon, so brisk, so free,
 The *Viper Envy* does the man devour,
 If the curst object falls not in his power,
 If Law doth act the Tyrant, and enjoyn
 His threats should pass as *currant* as the Coin.

Do

Do thou go on the worst thou'lt find is death,
 Death that is nothing but a want of breath,
 Death that is only to the Proud, and Brave,
 But an eternal *slumber* in the Grave,
 That is the only *Hell* we *Thirsty souls* shall have.
 And this is *Hell enough* I think to be
 Without our *drink*, our *love*, our *company*,
 When all our boon companions stay behind,
 And the *curst*, *cross-grain'd Watch* { (*Death*) shall us }
 We too are to the *musty Grave* confin'd. (find)
 He seizes on us, be we ner'e so strong,
 And we with all our Oaths, must go along,
 He drags us forcibly we know not where,
 This is the only *Hell* deserves our fear.
 The Clergy quote their Authour, and fore-bode,
 To us a sad, intollerable *Load*,
 We like the restless *Sisyphus* must roul
 Th' *Eternal weight*, no *respite* for the soul

Is there, a where *gnawing* torments do remain,

And everlasting furtherance of pain.

Yet they themselves suppose a firm decree,

Ordain'd what was, what is, and what shall be;

If so it has an equal power on me,

And I before I was, or had a mind,

Was to eternal woe, or blis consigned.

Chear up my soul, rhou thou'lt nere repent to late,

There is no struggling with the *arm* of Fate,

The *Sentence's* past upon thy Future State.

Pursue thy wonted pleasures, and delights,

And never value these Phantastick frights,

Let those who fear a sad Eternity,

A Resurrection, Immortality

Be so inclin'd, I am a *Sadducee*.

Rome shall be my *asylum* if that here,

I find the' *Eternal bargain* cost's too dear.

I'll have a *cheap Indulgence* shall engage,

For all the vices in a Patriarch's age,

For

For all my *Wenching, Lying Drinking, Swearing,*
Lampooning, Breaking Windows, Domineering,
 For all that ever I can think, or act
 From it I'll never any guilt contract.
 Our Clergy here on *harder Terms* begin,
Fasting, and Prayer must atone the sin.
 The sins that *feed* me I must *starve* say they,
 And strive to enter at the narrow way.
 So the *Prophetick, Powderd Doctor* said,
 As the *Usurper* languisht on his bed,
 The Lord had then reserv'd for him in store,
 A *parcel* of som Thirty years yet more,
 Till his *Seraphick Highness* quickly found,
 His saying *stood* on very *sandy ground*.
 And the Foundation was not firm, and sound. }
 I must shake of my dear companions, all.]
 That I my boon, and best associats call,
 These that oblige me so, as to resign.
 Their lives, estates, and all to rescue mine.

To

To these they tell me I must bid adieu,
 Whom I experienc't to have bin so true:
 I must turn off what I do fancy most,
 My *company*, my *Love*, my *life* be lost,
 Or there's no entrance for me at the gate
 To *knock* there on a *death-bed* is too late,
 Too late for *composition* when our breath,
 Is forc't to fly her home, to let in death.
 No more carouse, fight Duells, roar, and swear,
 But with a resolution all forbear,
 And now begin a *new* repentant year
 I must forsake my honour, stoop to be,
 The scornful *Emblem* of vile Poverty.
 I must to silent Solitudes repair,
 Where to the solitary trees, and aire,
 In *sighs* must breath my sorrows and despair.
 There in a *shady Grotto* I must ly,
 And from my selfe, and company must fly

Still

Still frighted with my own Phantastick fears,
Must water my *Uneasy Couch* with Teares,
This is the frightful *Penance* must be done,
In this *abode*, ne'r known by *Star* or *Sun*.
With all my *Revels* which I used to keep,
And loose the *Fetters* of a *Leaden* sleep,
Sleep the live-image of unwellcome death,
Distinguish'd only by a parting breath.
No more caress a *Mistriss*, or be tie'd
In a firm *Love-knot* with a *Bucksom Bride*,
No more sollicite my complying *Miss*,
To an encounter, no not to a *Kiss*,
For fear of *Penance* in an open street,
Though I have done *Loves Pennance* in a *sheet*.
Lead such no more to *Play-houses*, and *Treats*,
To *Pimping Ordinaries*, and *Bandy Cheats*.
Put off my vigour, and pursue no more
A *harmless Recreation* with a *Whore*.

This

This is the *Lecture* I am read, 'tis this
 The Clergy urge, with reason, instances,
 With *Julian*, *Spira*, and Ten Thousand more,
 And yet not wiser then they were before;
 When I condemn their God, how can it be
 That these examples should prevail with me.
 Let them perswade with all the Art they can
 I must reform, and be a New-born man,
 I must compose my manners, not behave
 My self so *Huffing*, so *Gallant*, and *Brave*.
 But with a *Mortified*, *dejected* face,
 With all the horrors of a *Priest grimace*;
 Descant in Sobs on my debauches past,
 Left heaven throw for me my *Eternal cast*,
 And I am hurri'd to my endless woe to fast.
 Sense is the *Pilot* that conducts us all,
 Sense keeps us on our feet. or else we fall.
 Man's ruled by Sense alone, 'tis this that leads,
 By this sure conduct he o're danger treads,

By

By this I'll steer my course, 'tis this shall be
 My Spie to track my natures enemy.
 For while I sail in the *Dead Sea* of Drink,
 This tells me when I stagger, when I sink,
 When I am overcharged bids Tack about,
 To some *By-haven* where I pump it out.
 Sense the souls *Envoy*, by whose Embassy,
 The *little world* upholds its Monarchy,
 Faith is but *blind* that like a *Foolish fire*
 Cheats the faint Pilgrim, who with fierce desire.
 Makes at his journeys end: when *envious* night
 Throws its *black mantle* o'er the *dying light*,
 Upstarts this blazing flame, which seems to be
 Heaven's *Convey* for him, and to set him free.
 By this through *unconth* passages doth stray,
 Through thorns, and thickets *subtly* cuts its way.
 Now climbs the steepy, craggy hills, and now
 Creeps *humbly* o'er the *flowry* meads below.

While

While eagerly he follows, to or'take
 His roving guide, (still smarting for his sake;) }
 The flame expires, & leaves him in a *Venemous lake.* }
 Such is the uncouth road of faith that leads,
 Now through deep valleys, now o're *mountains heads.*
 Rather then be to this *dark* faith confin'd,
 I'd sooner trust my safety to the wind.
 When I have lost my Drinking, 'tis a sign
 Be sure no sooner) that I turn *Divine* :
 Conform my manners *squarely* to their mode,
 And gallop with them in their *Bedlam-road.*
 So I be'nt vext with this religious curse,
 Fate sure it self can ne're contrive a worse.
 Repentance is the Souls fore *rack*, that wrests
 And clouds its brisker looks; thus are they prest,
 That to their sullen solitudes retire,
Drinking their tears, and clad in careless tire:
 Much good I wish them with their tears, and say,
 'Tis pity but they find the joyes they pray.

Only.

Only when *first* I entred *here* I cry'd,
But could not weep again although I dye'd,
What though my friends go thronging to the grav,
They'l meet with no worse fortune then I'le have,
There the cold Worms do in our carcass creep,
And in our *Pamper'd Entrails* Banquets keep.
Why sha'nt I health about ? and make the glass
Swifter then Spheres about about us pass.
Why should the lesser Planets, with the Sun,
Drink till they stagger, er'e the revel's done,
Why should each thirsty Plant soak ? and not I ?
Thou *man of Morrals* tell me why !
Strike up my soul once more, lets ply the glass,
Keep *time*, with *time* that doth so swiftly pass.
There is no drinking after death, and why
Should all our precious Minutes idely fly ?
I'l drink of all, and when I can't, I'l dye.
I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they sit on,
The Furious *Frenchman*, and the Wary *Brittain*.

Monarchs have their debauches too, they aw
 The proud commands of the imperious Law.
 'Tis this that makes the Monarche to be great
 Only in Titles, is a glorious cheate
 Law now salutes the Prince, *Lord of all Lands*
 And yet withal doth *tie* the Princes *hands* :
 We will be Monarchs too of our own will,
 The Laws of Drinking are the Laws, we still
 Obey, *Drink what you will so what you fill* :
 Let heaven be our example, heaven we see,
 Fills our deep *Cups* as full, as full as may be,
 The *watry Clouds* from every *Clime* repair,
 To *joyn* their *forces* in the open air,
 And where the *vacant Pond* lies *parche'd*, and dry,
 They fill a *copius Birmmer* up so high,
 That Nature when she sees the *swelling store*,
 Doth *faint* beneath the *load*, and begs no more.
 My only serious recreation is
 To *jeer* my Prince, or to *Lampoon* my *Miss*.

F

As

As Subject I abhor the one, the other,
 Because she jilts me, and admires another :
 The Throne and Nuptial-bed alike agree,
 Both own an *Independent Monarchy*.

Now let the murmuring Age complain of me,
 As the Promoter of Debauchery ;
 Let my Demeanor be observ'd by all,
 Some pity, some prognosticate my fall,
 I'll sit above the throng, and laugh to see,
 The easie crowd below lament for me:
 While they (*though unconcern'd with me*) thus vent
 Their grief, to see my mighty Incomes spent,
 Without disturbance I enjoy content.
 Wine *spurs* the active soul to noble things,
A man that's drunk is equal ev'n to Kings.
 Owns no superior o're what is his right,
 Is *Universal Monarch* in his sight.
 'Tis *Love*, and *Wine* that firmly do unite
 All breaches, else the differing world would *fight*.

The

The Earth would break the *ancient Laws of Love*
And from its *purser center* start, and move.

The Spheres would *break* their *order*, and no more
Make the harmonious Musick as before.

Nature would be divided ; and the Stars
Would not stand *fixt*, but *move eternal wars*.

Elce every man need guard himself, for fear
His nearest neighbour prove his Murtherer.

And he like some rude, savage Beast must fly
From all, for all he thinks his enemy.

Wine is the *earnest* of unfeigned Love,
What Love confirms the force of man can't move,
But stands as fixt, and unrepeal'd as fate;
Death only is its *Period*, ends its *date*.

Chear up my Soul ! let's trace the *beaten roads*
Of Pleasure, though Religion shame forebodes ;
We'l laugh at toying Monarchs, that do sweat ;
For *empty Titles*, and the name of great.

Plac't ore the reach of danger, we'l despise
The serious *Caveats* of the *Grave*, and *Wise*,
All their discretion can't arive to more
Then a contentment which they had before
Content, and satisfaction end the race
Of all our actions, here they aim a pace.
Now I am free my Soul, ther's nothing now,
Can make thee to severer precepts bow,
Proof 'gainst Religion that rules all beside,
Ther's nothing left to stop thy furious tide
But indisturb'd run freely where thou list,
Only Religion could thy stream resist
Thou'st past my Soul this *Frozen Alps*, lead on
Till thy *vast heap of Victories* be won.
when last nights revels are dissolu'd, and day
Calls thy diversion to another way,
Then to my games I go, and costly treats
Recruit my empty pockets by my cheats,

All the expences my debauches wast,
My *art of weedling* shall requite as fast.
Unhappy Riches ! which uo sooner got
But they are gon as if wee had them not,
The greedy miser spends a tedious rage,
To take the Bird, when took, he has no cage,
Can keep him, for by this, the owner dies,
The Bird *takes wing*, and from her master flies
I begg no greater riches then may pay,
For my but mean expences every day.
I would not wish my Lives short *glasse run out*,
Before my *Glasse* of wine be come about,
And Drink one *parting Health* before I go,
To thatby Place, which Man could never know.

REFLECTI-

I.

Unhappy Age ! whose *venomous head*,
 So many *curst Vermin bred*,
 That into Church, and State do closely *crawl*,
 And *undermine*, and *envy all*.
 (While on the highest *Spire* of honour they,
 The Clergy, *sit* and *sway*)
 These *sack* the *Temple*, and *profane*
 The *hallowed* Altar with *disdain*;
 Nor is it here alone
 They rule, but ev'n defile the *Royal Throne*.
 In to a Kings Retiring room they *pry*,
 And there observe his Majesty,
 Like *Egypt's Vermin*, every place
 Knows the *accursed race*.
 In mighty numbers every day they *spawn*,
 And *stick* as fast to *Purple Robe*, as *Lawn*.
 No Action, no Design, Nothing,
 Scapes their *ensorious sting*.
 But they, though vulgar have an eye
 On Church, and Civil Policy.
 They *hiss* at Church, and State aloud,
Lampoon, and *bait* them with the fiery *dogged crowd*.

I I.

Harmless Religion! thou art brought,
And all thy *Volumes* too *Unseald* ,
And all their *misteries* reveal'd,
Beyond what the *dark Sibills* euer taught.

Profound Divinity,
The Atheist counts profoundest *Drollery*.

Because he cannot clearly see,
Through the *Vast distance* of Eternity.

He credits nothing but what sense,
Conveys to his *I ntelligence*,

Much too *Short- minded* to go on,
In the vast *Progresse* of Religion,
The *Hill* too *Steep* , to *Craggy*, and too *High*,
And he not used too such an *uncouth Road*

Neare his abode
Where all are *Plaine*, and *Level* to his eye.

He laughs at those that dare aspire ,
To scale the *Precipice so Steep*,
And still vnwearied further their desire,
To *Fathom* the *abyss* and the *Eternal deep*.

III.

What though he stily doth disown a God ?
He swears that all are of the *common clod*,
when every thing in Nature every hour,
Proclaims that power ;
The sencelesse, stupid stone,
Speaks no contrivance of its own
But by the vast Artificer of all
Combine'd together in this ball,
He *speakes* his birth
From the prolifick earth.
Who is at once the *seed*, and *womb*,
The creatures *shelter* and *his tomb*.
Observe the Raven how she cries,
And *flutring* sends her *prayers* to the Skies,
She hath her meat, and begs no more,
If hunger force not as before.
In *hoarse* sad notes she doth complaine,
When the black, *hovering Clouds* for her *newes*,
She brought from heaven to us , which no man can
(refuse)

Look

IV

Look wee above,

And there we see a *glittering chorus move,*
They *dance* in equal *measures*, sweetly sound,
And in *Eternal circles wheel* around,

All praise, and none neglect,

All sing the mighty Architect,

Each glittering beam,

Doth from the sun (the *glorious fountaine*) *streams.*

And he derives his *shine*

From a superior light *divine.* ?

The *obsequius Elements confess*

(*And hand in hand advance*)

They yeeld to him, and not to *buzzard chance,*

And *endless* his might his mercy *bottomless.*

Only the *Athiests* stand aside,

And the whole *Univers deride,*

Tis wine, and love

Are better Gods with them, then him above.

He swears these are the gods that do inspire,

And only *kindle* in us a *Religious Fire*

Unhappy

V.

Vnhappy Vine !

Whome Nature sure did n'ere design

For her own ruin, but to please

And give the melancholy ease.

But *medling Art* that still must be

Busy to find out *Mystery*,

Still every day commits uncivil *rapes*,

And will be *smothering* of thy Grapes ;

Yet man at last doth feel the fiery smart,

Of their so *dear*, *beloved Art*.

And though they make thee *bleed*, they find

A *bloody* veengeance follow them behind.

Thou sure wert that *forbidden fruit*,

So eager, and so hot is our pursuit,

Long have w'endeavour'd thee to squeeze,

Yet wallow in th'intoxicating Lees.

Thee we provide for, thee we press,

And full of thee *uncover our own nakedness*.

Reflections.

VI.

Nature ne're sure contriv'd the *Vine* at first

Her harmless issue to *curst*.

But for the Poet her great Prophets shade ;

When *Storms*, and *vulgar business* do invade.

That happy he,

Might Skreen himself beneath the flourishing tree

There sheltred from the *world*, and *care*,

And the too *common*, *troubled* air

Might free converse with his *Muse*,

And there confirm a constant truce.

But now the cruel *Ciry* hath took in

This *seed* of *sin* :

Which thrown among the *fruitful* Street

Takes root where ere it meets ;

And the too *Pregnant* *Athist* doth profess

Himself the Master of the wickedness.

So doth his *darling* grape inspire,

It sets his *catching* *Soul* on *Fire*,

And kindles in him too another *Flame*,

Which he that tam'd the world, could never tame.

But

But can a shortliv'd love
 Compare with one that ever lives above?
 Here he may live, and dy,
 And go into his *sad, withdrawing roome,*
 A *Melancholy Tomb,*
 Where with his bucksom mistris he cant ly.
 But sleep alone in dust,
 Till he is cold, and sadly severed *from the Inst*

THE

T H E
F A C T I O U S S C H I S M A T I C K .

S Ad world indeed ! when *zeal* is out of fashion,
 And *Gallantry* hath so bewicht the Nation,
 And we *Soul-savers* are despise'd, because
 We Preach not Sermons after *human Laws*,
 Because no *University* we knew,
 They damn us as a *crazy, foppish* crew,
 When famous *Cambridg* our great pillars burst,
 As *Cartwright*, *Burges*, whom this age hath curst.
 Her *Barren Sister Oxford* cannot boast
 Of half so much, 'tis *Cambridg* rules the roast,
 Only of *Twisse*, and *Owen*. What need we
 Be thus *discipl'd* in Philosophy.
 Were not the Apostles *Tradesmen* ? was not *Paul* ?
 More Learned then the Learnedst of them all ;
When

When he in wicked Athens silenc'd quite,
 And foild the famous *Areopagite*,
 And are not *Tradesmen*? such as Tailors, Weavers
 Best *holders forth*? the spirits best receivers?
 Are they not like th' Apostles? they ne're bring
 Beside one suit, no gold, or costly thing,
 Where ere they come, before they fall to eat,
 With a long grace they *sanctifie* their meat,
 So do they ply their *grace* with open eyes,
 Their mouths of *water* ere it doth suffice. (done
 They struggle 'gainst the *flesh*, and whenthey've
 They'r *blest* with *Stomachs* when before they'd none
 We hate all outward pomp, what e're we gain,
 Is by the by; we *labour not in vain*.
 While the fierce, greedy *Clergy* go to Law,
 For *tith* of Eggs perhaps, or *tith* of *straw*,
 While all we have to do, is to abide
 Within, and make an *Inlet* for the tide

Of our vast incomes, such as *Hens* and *Capons*,
 But out of Temperance we spare their *Weapons*.
 And when our bodies hath no room for more,
 Full of the creature, freely we give o're.
 Let the poor Parson vaunt his benifice,
 We get at once far more then he at thrice.
 In the late golden age what could we not,
 When more by *Lectures* then by *Tax*, was got.
 From our plain desk so well we could prevail,
 The Women pawnd their *Plate*, and would their
 For us. How saw I them in throngs to meet, (*Tail*
 And lay their Money freely at our *Feet*.
 How have I seen the zealous Dame defraud
 Her nearest neighbour, and the greatest Bawd,
 And all her gettings quietly resign,
 For the advancement, and encrease of mine.
 Before my call to Preach, when sin had lead
 My prone desires that way, and made em Dead.

Plung'd

*Plungd by it over head, and eares in debt,
With greatest anguish, of my soul, and sweat,
My wandring steps was guided here'this way
where I beheld my both Salvations lay.*

Tis here I cast my anchor and embrace

This as a saving sanctifying place.

where (I once deep in sin and debt) now dwel.

Securely gaurded both from goal and hell.

Preaching the best of policies, we find

Makes like the Syren all that here inclin'd.

By this *glib Engin* we contriv'd a gap,

Through which the Kingdom slid into our lap,

What havock made we then of Church, and State,

When each of them were so unfortunate,

How did we strip the King, and rack the Land,

While peere, and People fell into our hand.

And easily without disturbance we:

Broke through the gaurds and bars of monarchy.

Such

Such was the Zeal that did our Souls inspire,
Whereby we set the Church, and state on fire;
At first we aim'd to be but loose, and free,
Till freedome crept unto a Monarchy.
Who then so zealous, or so great as we!
No talke of *crown*, or *mitre* then that sway,
No tiths, nor *alter*; *offerings* were paid:
'Twas by the zealous care of Master *Prynne*,
That *Famous* Barrister of *Lincolns Inn*.
We happily found out the *pious* fraud,
Of that *Arch Primat*: *Papist Bishop Laud*,
Who under colour of opposing Rome,
Did by the by contrive to make her roome.
As *Prynne* hath closely showne it in his doome.
The *Whore*, in *Silk*, and *Surplice* richly clad,
Had so bewitcht him that she drave him mad.
England! art thou so stupid: cannot all,
The showres of bloud, that on thy flowers did fall.

G

Within

Within the revolution of few yeares ,
 Extort from thee a briny shoure of teares ,
 Can't all the blessed Martyrs which have died.
 At whom the very Elements have *sighd*.
 Make some impression, pierce into thy side.
 But thou dost beare so servily the weight
 Of Popery, ist so easie or so light !
 I'd sooner let a thevish Cutpurse be,
 A constant Keeper of my Treasury ,
 Then trust my Soul into a Papists hands ,
 Unlesse I *longd* for the eternall bands.
 Like the Ægyptian Task-masters , they'l have
 Alwaies advantage where they nothing gave ,
 Sottish, and dull they ever ply their cheare
 And make one *constant Harvest* of the yeare.

'Tis this we daily feare for (what we see)
 Is more in *fashion* then *Idolatry* ?
 Those *complements* we bring from France have made,
 Our old Religion but a *counting Trade* ;

The

The attributes we did ascribe above ;
Our modern Gallants give unlawfull love ;
He comes of best that on the Scripture drolls ;
And the eternall state of wretched Souls.
Transcendent, powerfull and delightfull Misse !
Can you behold so poore a Soul as this
So unconcern'd, can't those faire Eyes I see ,
Dispense one favourable beam to me ,
To me who by your favours live, and move ;
And *blessings* have from you, as from above.
Such is my *burning* state like those who see
From *Hell below* , blest Heavens Felicity.
Thus the prophain accosts his misse, while I
Who will not yeeld to *Bauds* in *Lechery* ,
Mock more discretly when the *Spirit* moves me ;
Although the *carnall* object stands above me ;
He undertake one Lecture shall entice ,
Our *Panting'st* Lady to this pleasing vice,

Women the *weaker vessels*, made to be
Mans *Pleasure*, and *delight*, Mans *Misery*,
To each of these she's readier far then he.
There's neither *flesh*, nor *bloud* that dare withstand,
Or make resistance when we do command,
No more the curst, united power of Hell,
Our mighty Scripture *batteries* can quell,
Arm'd only with a Bible, we'l defie,
All the damned forces of iniquity,
Casting out *Devills* is esteem'd of late,
(Of all our wonders) of the lowest rate;
In this our spirituall jugling, we
Lay all the stresse of our prosperity:
For so outrageously we act our part,
We dare defie the Devil in his art;
When any fleshly lust invades our *Fort*;
We make the conquest of it but a sport.
And rather then recede, we'l briskly fly
Into it's *face*, and get the victory.

So well our *Holy Brother* lately sped ,
He got a fortune, and maiden head.
And when our Lady saw him not propense ,
She'd take him by a *Holy violence*.
But by's *Eldership* oblig'd to ease
A tender conscience whensoever it please,
After a previous meditation, he
Made her this very harmlesse *Repartee*.
Madam expect from me no modern Fustian ,
Nothing of *French* I ever cared to lust on.
French words, French Women, French Religion; wine
Only perswades me that they are not swine ,
Tis this alone doth reconcile me to them ,
With *threats of Judgment* I should elce undo them ,
But to the point, now madam you have sent ,
A cleare *unfolding* of your discontent.
And secondly, to bow my back to ease you,
And that is consequently I should please you.

First: 'tis the nature of your sex to be
 Too *prone*, I say to *prone* to venery.
 This is a *Spirit* that the wicked have,
 As well as we, but this can never save.
 Now secondly: to ease us 'tis a doubt:
 For now a daies the wise must look about,
 For who to quench his neighbours fire, would try
 To *preſſe* too forward, and so *Burn* thereby.
 This is an age, wherein a man for's life,
 Cant have a *wholeſome congreſſe* with his wife.
 Much leſſe a ſtranger. But let us arrive }
 Unto the matter now in hand, pray give }
 At our next meeting ſome provocative. }
 And now my *bowels yearn*, (I think I've found)
 A very thriving, and ſucceſſefull ground,
 To caſt my *ſeede*, and am reſolv'd to yeeld,
 And turn a *Labourer* in your *open field*.

So thriv'd our prelate whom a thred-bare coat
 Encloſed, when new, not valued bove a groat.

And

And now his grave Geneva cloaks conceal,
How great his folly, how misled his zeal.
Nay what is more then this if a temptation
Prevails, and we are mad for copulation:
'Tis but to take a visit to a *Bawd*,
Our *Sister* in iniquity, and fraud,
And streight our Nuncio brings a *brace of Lasses*,
As *brisk* as any, er'e *consulted* glasses,
Silver and *Silk* all or'e, right *Alamode*
As *bucksome* too as ever tract the road
And having bargaind for their *Bodies*, we
Soone take possession with authority.
Thus deal we with the *flesh*: and now for wine,
Alas! without it we can't Sup, or dine.
Retir'd in private we so freely *tipple*
We cannot walke no more then halting *Cripples*.
To go abroad we hate it, but *within*,
Doth *quit* the drunkard, and *atone* the sin.

Without hath all the Scandall, and offence,
 Such lewd debauches ha'nt the least pretence.
 What *open* fools are those that cannot be
 So *Wise*, so *private*, so *debaucht* as we.
 That every year do constantly remember,
 And *Sanctifie* our annuall *September*.
 To crosse the wicked, though we do not health,
 In *outward* words unto the *Common-wealth*,
 We'l take off *brimmers* too as well as they,
 And with far greater zeal keep *Holy-day*,
 As *Prynns Return*, and *Nolls inauguration*,
 The *Bishops exile*, and their condemnation.
 For *Marston*, *Edghill*, and for *Worcester* fight,
 Wherein the Royall rout we queld outright,
 For every triumph in our stubborn Land,
 Which Heaven procur'd us with a mighty hand,
 And stretched out Arm. For these & severall more,
 We all take off our glasses, ore, and ore

And

And those that see us easily conjecture ,
Twas but a *Holy ferreur* in a Lecture
Gave us the *Claret colour* should our flock ;
Know we were healthing on the *publick stock*.
Then were our preaching vain and they no more,
Would make their large collections as before.
Wine is a *creature* to rejoyce the sad ,
And make the dumpish heart of mankind glad ;
In publick we exclaim , and curse the Vine ,
The sin of drunkenesse by bewitching VVine ;
Here our sublimest knack of cunning lies ,
By this we cheat the throng before their eyes
The end of Sermons as of Rhetorick's made ,
Only our doubting hearers to perswade.
When first we do ascend our desk , our eye ,
With many serious faces turns on high.
Which posture luckily conveys a zeal ,
So winningly it in their hearts doth steal ,

If

It forms a *Holy Image* so compleat,
 The easie people swear it is no cheat.
 Nay if an Angel had forsooke the skies,
 And here put on a seraphims disguise,
 We're sooner trusted, and beleev'd than he,
 Though he's attired in Heavens *pure livery*.
 Then (with a sigh) we do unclasp the book,
 And pause a while with a dejected look,
 Then give them admonition to attend,
 Our Text, our progresse, and our blessed end,
 Which though it doth take up a tedious space,
 We give them *Stomachs*, and we give them *grace*.
 In it we take occasion to complain,
 How all the Bishops do extort their gain.
 Of *Ceremonies*, and the *Liturgie*,
 How both derive their rise from Popery.
 And how the whorish *Church of England* swore,
 Her selfe confederate with the *Romish Whore*.
(The

(*The whore of Babylon*) We'l quote their Laud,
And Cozens, and demonstrate too their fraud.
We'l prove them all *Arminians*, and confute
Their Tenets as absurd, *without dispute*.
With Teares in eyes we'l pity Englands fate,
And pray for aid before it be too late,
VVe'l instance in Queen Maries time, and there
Reflect on Persecutions; how severe,
Of fiery Tryalls, which the *Babes in grace*
Have not the courage to attempt, or face,
Thus we proceed, and prosecute our Text,
Till our *shortwinded* Auditors are vex't,
And making that our place, we soon dismiss them,
And *privately*, for all their praises *bisse them*.
Then Poor silly creatures we freely call,
And laugh at the most zealous of them all,
When one old, constant audience we have cheated:
Of all they have, and can no more be treated,

yVe

We give one farewell sermon more, to try
 The depth of their affection to supply
 The gaping chinks of our necessity.

We take a progresse further to increase
 And feed our *fierce* desire that never cease,
 Thus we like *vagrants* whose employment lies,
 Not *here*, but *every where* beneath the skies.
 They fetch a circuit every countrey round,
 And never *thrive* when settled on one ground,
 But by a constant *transplantation* grow,
 VVhom all have seen, but none could ever know.
 Our doctrine is not straitned to our will,
 But we *must* own *predestination* still.

Elce we were quickly broke, and needs must fly,
 To other refuge for a remedy

Else our perfection cannot stand, ours fights
 'Gainst all the world, and from them all claims
 (rights,

Like an oreruling Monarchy it stands
 And with an adverse party wo'nt shake hands,
 Conscience

Conscience we make our vassal, and our cave
And then we'r *Atheists, Misers* too, and brave.
Thus, Thus we lead our countrey in a firing,
Inspight of *Clergy*, or our *ease*: *KING*.

T H E R E F L E C T I O N .

I.

Religious *outside*! and the *show*,
Of greater *Saintship* then e're livd below,
Should we but credit what thou seemest to be,
We must destroy the *Trinity*,
To make another room for *thee*.
Thou that wouldest be as pure as ere
The purest, whom the purest maid did beare.

Purer

Purer then he that is the Spring,
 And the *refinest Quintessence* ;
 That doth his *Chryſtall ſtreams* diſpence,
 Whence we but *drops* can bring,
 And yet to whom Religion is but ſport,
 Since thou haſt ample wages fort't,
 And yet thy ſins are ſanctifi'd,
 When all the world are damn'd beſide.
 Let *Vandikes* pencil nere be talk'd of more
 He's thought enough of, long before,
 Here Here is one can paint,
 The *lively image* of a ſaint ,
 With eager, and intent purſuit,
 The age comes fluttering to his *painted Fruit*.
 And what's the treat ?
 A handſom, painted cheat.
 Ranſack the ancient Treasuries of fame,
 And find him out a name ,
 The *labour's vain* , but ſum up all and ſee,
 What the ſum totall's of the worſt, and that is he.

II.

What though his habit is not gay, or fine,
 And with rich far fought ornament dont shine,
 Cant he be proud,

Even in a *sordid*, humble crowd,
 And though his sprightfull soul doth ly
 Prest down beneath the weight of poverty,
 Yet now and then it *Strugles* with the load,
 And would fain quit its dire abode,
 And this is that Ambition that inspires,
 And sets the Church, and state on *fire*.

He undiscerned in this sure *masquerade*
 The Kingdom may invade,
 While all the heedlesse, wondring peers stand by
 And gaze at the *exalted prodigie*,
 And all the nation stands amaiz'd,
 To see the upstart Monarch rais'd,
 They see him sweep before him all, and fly,
 A last so-wondrous high,
 Untill he rests at last on Monarchy.

This is the Statesman, and the saint
 Whose zeal, & whose ambition suffers no restraint.

III.

I II.

Nor hath Ambition's self alone,
 Rear'd in him a peculiar throne,
 But avarice joins *hand, in hand*
 And needs must equally command.
 While the blest happy man can say,
 The *Sun*, and *I* have done our *work* to day
 Contented I no more do crave,
 Of heaven, then what I have,
 As much as beares my *charges* to my grave.
 What makes me at the *croſgraind* word repine
 All that I have is none of mine,
 I have one life to loose, that they may take,
 And I will *tide* in *triumph* to the stake.
Atheism, *Ambition*, zeal agree,
 In him and make a *diveliſh* Three.
 The world's his God, to him he paies
 All his Devotions, and his praise.
 Zeal is the refuge he doth still devise,
 When clad in a *Mechanicall disguise*.
 He puts the Atheiston, when treats invites
 And revels, to a dull delight.
 Ambition is his Engin when hede scale
 The Royall *Batlements*, to get within the *Pale*.

IV.

Mistaken age! that will rely
And trust on what a glimmering eye
Faintly discovers, too when day
Shows it the way.

But when the eyes are closed, and sleep;
Deeper-sighted reason sounds the muddy deep.
And he who now appeared to the eye,
The Emblem of a Heavenly purity,

Though reasons clear prospective, we
Plainly behold a Prodigy,
And yet how plausible and clear,
Seemes at a distance, but not near;
If he but groan, the mimick crowd,
Together send the *Eccho* back aloud.

If he but weep, they sympathize,
In overflowing teares, and deep: fought sighs.
Unhappy age!

Almost devoured up by the rage,
Of thy curst *Viper*: of spring who made way.
Though all, that durst attempt to stay.
Their eager progresse, wheresoe're they went,
Their Holy plea, was, they were sent.

They who of late profest to be *Christs* flock
Could lead their lawfull Soveraign to the block.
Against Religion took up Arms, yet made
Religion their pretense for to invade.

A PINDARIQUE ELEGY
On the most Famous, and Learned
Physitian, Dr. Willis.

Poor mortall Dust! how we admire
 The sparkling vitall fire,
 That like a silent Taper under ground,
 Goes out as soon as found,
 No sooner hath the Teeming womb,
 Prepar'd her burthen for another room,
 But now the *Infant's* born and cries,
 Complains a little while, and dies.
 The wearied *Patriarchs* at last,
 After so many hundred yeares were past,
 Layd down their aged heads, (beds.
 (Tird with their numerous dayes) in their original

II.

I I.

Swaddled with cares we come,
From the dark prison of the womb,
Where we have smothered lay,
Till rescued by a beam of day.

And here, the world presents
Infectious Elements,

To converse with the stranger till
They bring him to his fatall Ill.

VVith much ado, much, pains, and strife,
VVe run the Ganttlet in this wretched life,
On each side stands the mercileffe throng,
To scourg us as we run along,

And after we have almost spent our breath,
We rackt at last by some slow Lingring pain to
(Death.

II I.

And now fierce Death hath got the start,
Of thee and thy so powerfull art,
Yet thou like the great Champion of the Age,
Once quellst the Tyrants rage,

H 2

And

And whilst he triumpht didst controul,
 Redemst the trembling, captive Soul,
 Nature, and torment, both obey,
 And to the *Sovereign Medicine* give way:
 Thou'dst *dispossest* and cure,
 The shivering Ague and the burning Calenture
 Consumptions, Feavers, Gripings, stone
 (That makes the tortured patient groane,)
 With all the numerous host
 Of Torments, that the body still acost,
 Thou'dst stretch lifes little span,
 Cast out the mighty Legion and restore the Man.

IV.

Could either art, or Nature save
 Thee, from the gulph, the grave,
 Or change the constant course of fate,
 Make it revoke th' unalterable date.
 Could all the treasures of Philosophy,
 Defeat the mighty Destiny,
 Or with its pleasant golden Fruit;
 Stop fates swift chariot in the fierce pursuit

Could
 It

Could ought that's mortall e're revoke?
 This fatall universall stroke,
 Obstruct Heaven to dispense,
 Or dart againe from hence,
 To the infectious Stars, their poysonous influence?

V.

Then by thy art thou woul'dst renew;
 And still extend thy fatall clue
 We then had seen engroft in the,
 Learnings *Monopaly*.

The *Microcosm* thou sailst round,
 Discoverst things before unfound,
 And thy great wisdom understood,
 The circling *Ocean* of the blood.

And by its working, looks, and more,
 Then hath bin known before.

Telst when the *tempest's* wear,
 And nature's out of order there.

The vitall *Bellows* couldst repair,
 When Injurd by infectious Air.

Thou'dst keep the Soul, within when like a wind,
 (That struggles when confin'd,)

It strives to scape & leave the *desolate corps* behind:

Could ought that Vmortal's re reuoke;
 Thow'ere the newe the wondrous art,
 And order of each part,
 In the whole lump, how every Pense,
 Contributes to the health's defense,
 The severall, Channels which convey,
 Thow'ere the wondrous way,
 Trackes will Nature every where
 In every thing, every sphere
 Fathom the mystery
 Of this Anatomy
 Thow'ere the canse thou hadst preyd upon,
 And found it to a Serpent,
 But now alas the art is gone,
 And now on thee,
 The crawling Worms experience their Anatomy.
 When thy young, unfledged faine did first peep out,
 In her round it's Native nest about,
 Till by a frequent use at last
 It ore the Neighbring regions past,
 At

At length it round the globe did fly,
 With whom like the dear *Tomina* will live & dy
 We thought by age should never find dates
 But plac'd above the reach of fate.
 The silence, and disorders of the grave,
 The proudest Monarch can enslave,
 And crowns, and scepters can outbrave.
 And though the sacred corps is crusht,
 And the loud organ hush't,
 Yet the brisk, sprightly vertue soars on high,
 And lifts it's lofty shoulders to eterny.

VIII.

Was nothing seen Beneath the Bow?
 No Pageantry of Nature now?
 Don't she provide, or bring
 A *Funerall offering*?
 Yes! look but on the neighbouring shore,
 Where his brisk fame had flown before,
 Where she hath laid her brackish store.
 As if a common stock could not suffice,
 Let through the sluices of their eyes,
 But

But they must float on brinish waves,
 And weep o're their own watry graves.
 Nothing in Nature too but doth comply,
 And beare a part in this sad Universall Harmony.

IX.

What though the reverend head
 Is laid among the vulgar dead,
 And the clear *Sparkling light*
 O're cast, with Death and night.
 Thou liv'st to *Kings* in equal state,
 In the sad common bed of fate.
 As *soaring Comets* nere decline,
 But in sublimer regions Shine,
 After a while the frail, and fainty blaze,
 At which the lower wondring world did gaze,
 As well as the low, grosser flame,
 That from the baser dunghill came,
 Does faint, and Die
 For want of fuel the devouring flame to ply.

The

X. *gairthron* HA

The whole Creation cannot hide,

But stands before thee bare;

Open to the wondrous care,

Thy wondrous art which nought ere slept beside

Such was our blind pursuit,

After the dull, inferior *bruit*,

Now 'tis an engine, now a worse,

And every bold opinion is a curse;

Till thou begunst the work (so hardly known)

And givest the *bruit* his own,

Thou the laborious Bee

Suck'st sweet Elixir from each poysonous tree

And without danger carriest thence.

The Golden fruit, though it had poison for its fence.

XI.

Too great for teares, too great for sighs,

(The pomp of common obsequies.

Thou bidst posterity farewell,

And goest into thy laboratory Cell

Which to the Mourning crowd,

Returns the dampish Echo back aloud.

All

All wondring stand to see,
 The wondrous life of Chymistry
 (That gave the immortality)
 Ly cold, and quite benum'd and cannot give,
 More ~~Suns~~, more ~~lives~~, for thee to live;
 Cannot extract out of the dust,
 This noble flower, this Soul so just.
 Thou like the Tree of Knowledge, every year,
 Some precious fruit, some sovereign salve didst bear.
 Methinks thy former Echo speaks thee yet
 Where thou gavest forth the mighty Oracles from
 (thy seat.

XII.

Look how the long: liv'd plant which now,
 To fatall Autumn scornd to bow,
 Hangs down its drooping, dying head
 Upon its desolate bed.
 The copious Garden too is little lesse
 Then a disorderd Wildernesse
 No vegetable will substst,
 But takes its Autumn with the Herbalist

And

And seems too *sensitive*
 When no man knows its vertue hates to live,
 Hark! How each dead, obdurate thing,
Whispers a sigh, and makes a dolefull Din,
 As if it felt the *mortall sting*,
 See how each *Colledge mourns*, the stones.
 Even *symptrhize* with us, *sweat teares*, and *Echo*
 (groanes.

XIII.

But since thou 'rt gone great soul! & left us here
 Wandring in this *dusky Sphere*,
 That without conduct, without guide,
 Are carried with the *swift tide*,
 Of the *mad age*, beside,
 At every little *gust* we fear,
 To be *transported* there,
 To the so fatall, rocky *shore*,
 Whence we return no more.
 After this *slumber* thou wilt rise,
 With *active limbs*, and *open eyes*,
 As *young*, and *airy*, as before.
 The mouldred *Atoms* that do ly,
 Hudled up in *obscurity*,
 Shall put on *Immortality*.

And all dull ashes coucht within in this ball.
 Shall forthwith *Muster* at the *Almighties thundring*
 (call.
 XIV.

XIV

Mean while thou livest, and lodgest here,
 Although thou'rt quartered there,
 Thou *breathest*, and *speakest* even every where,
 Art young, and brisk, and flourishest all the year.
 Thy famous volumes are the *breath*,
 By which thou dost survive thy death,
 Each *sacred*, living page
 Turns over with the age.
 This's the *Asylum*, this the place
 For him, whom great diseases chase.
 Thine is the truly *Fortunate book*,
 In which who ere shall look,
 Shall find all true it doth divine,
 And read long life in every line
 It lies beyond the rage,
 Of the ungratefull age,
 Beyond a *shortlived*, dull *Mortality*,
 Within the *sacred Archives* of eternity.

FINIS.

ere,

MI